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AUNT HANNAH'S ADVICE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

And so you have quarrelled with David?
And, little it as well as you can,
I know at this moment you're thinking
That he is a horrible man.

You think of the hard things he's said to you,
And the cruel things he's done to you;
And each has confessed to the other,
That both were much better apart.

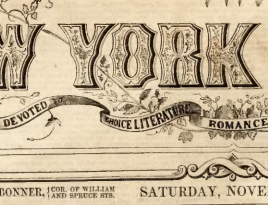
You think of the days of your courtship,
When David was thoughtful and kind,
In all your variations so helpful,
And you in your turn so refined.
And now, o'er the gateway of Eden
The sword of the angel is crossed,
And you miss all the sweetness and sunshine,
The joy of a Paradise lost.

You think you have done all your duty,
Have prayed and have labored in vain,
That David is hopelessly wicked,
Has really no right to complain.
But let us sit down in the twilight
And talk o'er the matter awhile:
Before you take leave of the meadow,
To-well that you pass on the stile.

"Is there that David is fretful,
Or that he is careless of dress,
His tastes are absolute bliss too closely,
But is he not working for you?"
So when to-morrow bends in the evening
Quite silent, and thoughtful, and queer,
Don't ask him the cause of his trouble,
And pretend you don't notice, I hear.

For just as a scratch on the finger
Will heal if you let it alone,
So many a trouble or grievance
That David or you may have known,
Would soon have been gone and forgotten,
Had you never supposed you could part.
Had either been fond and forgiving,
Had you never supposed you could part.

"If your daily is livid, and you know it;
You will, if you're true to your trust;
Your God and your home demand it,
And David is gentle and just.
Don't make a mountain of motion:
Don't hold to this terrible spirit
Lest make him a much better husband
By being a much better wife!



KATE ARLINGTON AND BARKER DIXON LEAVING THE SHIP.

KATE ARLINGTON;

OR,

The Buccaneer's Bridal.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER VII.

It was about nine o'clock in the forenoon when the look-out in the fore-top gave the alarm which had aroused the crew of the *Adder*; and that they had been most thoroughly aroused was evident from the manner in which they crowded toward points of forward observation. Dr. Gaston did not at once join them, but when he saw that the crew had been aroused, and that all was astir, the pillows and the bolsters of the cot with his own hand.

"Doctor," asked Gunbar, when all had been done, "what do you think of it? Do you think anything to prevent my weathering the dark lookers-out?"

"I think you will get well," replied Gaston, with a cheerful smile, "if you will only refrain from any violent exercise. It's a bad wrench, and you are lucky if you were before."

"Only God knows how much better off!" exclaimed the relieved man, with a burst of grateful emotion. "You don't know the pain I've suffered,—but it's all gone now."

"It must be," added Gaston, quickly.

All that dreadful stabbing is gone. There are symptoms of fever, but I don't believe we—but they are nothin' to what this other pain was."

"I will get my man. Keep a good heart and I feel sure you 'll pull through."

"And to that I 'll do my best, Doctor."

"As for that matter," returned Don, with a smile, "I don't think you could have lived long if I hadn't found you. The laceration was overdone to be cured by the vitals pretty fast. But we've stopped that."

"I 'll be d—d if we haven't!"

"And I hope it may be for a good life," ventured Gaston, kindly.

"A better life than the old one, sir. I won't back down on my mates too soon. They've stood by me, and I'll stand by them till I've got out of it honourably. But I don't mean to scar here longer than I can help."

That's right, Luke. If you come well out of this scrape you shall have a commission to go and to stand by me."

"It's kind o' curious, Doctor, how a man thinks of all that's past when a new of good when he's layin' on the edge of the dark pit as I've been lyin'. Men that never lived to be hanged, stormy life don't know anything about the Furies that sometimes get the upper hand of souls. You don't know how it's led here and there, and how it's left its mark on the soul of all the love that was ever in it. I've thought of my mother—and of my sister,—and I've called back every time I could remember; and I've raked up all the sewest words in my memory hold: and I've thought of a good many times when I'd made 'em happy. To be sure it was long ago; and many were the dark hours that come in atween; but I know they 're forgave me. I've repented for me,—and, if they 'd live, they, by this might, have forgave me. That's a comfortable thing, Doctor! I've wondered, as I've been layin' here thinkin' of dyin', if, in the last day, God wouldn't remember the good things set down in my log; and I've wondered, since the hope of good things came back, whether I couldn't wipe out some of the black marks. Don't you think there's some hope, Doctor?"

"I think," said Gaston, solemnly, "that no earthly power can wipe away sin except a repentant child than the Lord let Hold of you. You have repented, and I feel sure more sincerely never lay on the deck of a soul than I am for the life of your body. And now, Luke, you had better rest. I will see you this afternoon. I want you to sleep now."

"Not much sleep, Doctor, till we get clear of that sail. But I'll rest if I can."

Gaston arranged the patient's bedding as he thought would be most comfortable, and then went on deck.

Our hero was not entirely unused to scenes of excitement on shipboard; but he had never before found himself in the midst of a scene exactly like the present. He had been subjected to storm and tempest; and once, while running in the Strait, in the Mediterranean, he had been aboard by an English man-of-war, and had been detained for a short time; but he could see no occasion for anything that he might be called upon to share in the fortunes of a buccaneer—had he guilty suspicions the attack by his disposition, or that he might share with them the dangers of a chase by a powerful enemy.

When he reached the deck he found the men—such as were not engaged elsewhere—crowding forward to the bulwarks, and he was soon aware that the sail had been discovered by the look-out.

"What a life!" he asked of the boatswain, who stood by the fife-rail.

"Why, Barker knew he had witnessed the emotion upon the gunner's mate, and conceived a profound respect for the young surgeon, and he was ready and willing to give any information desired. He seemed to feel a pride in being looked to by the one of the officers for advice.

"It 's the brig, sir," he answered, "bore away,"—pointing over the lee bow,—"but we don't mean to get away."

"Can it be seen from the deck?"

"No, sir. Mr. Tarvy's gone aloft with a glass."

"The sail must be some distance away then?"

"Certin."

"How far can you generally see a sail at sea?" asked Gaston.

The boatswain looked at him curiously.

"With all my sea-going, Mr. Wade, I am ignorant on that point."

"Why, sir," said Roger, brightening with the thought of instructing the surgeon, "our table is this: A sail can be seen as far as anything except a light. But a light can be seen further than a sail, as a rule. And a sail can be seen from a greater distance than that sail might be seen, thirteen miles away; but if a man stood on a vessel's deck, that would make a difference. You and I could see over six or seven feet above the water, and that gives us the advantage of three miles, or more, over what we'd have if we stood on a raft always even with the water; so if a vessel of our size was on the horizon, and we could see it, the vessel could see us, and we'd have to be as near as seventeen miles away as a general thing; in clear weather, the lofty sails of a heavy ship can be seen twenty miles, and a little more; and a ship rises her full size for some miles before you can see her hull at all. You can judge something from this, sir."

"Yes,—I can judge very well; and I thank you for the information."

"Ha!"

It was a call from the lieutenant, in the fore-top, which caused such a exclamation from the boatswain.

"She rises square sails!" was Thorp's announcement.

"Can you make out how she is standing?" asked Dixon.

The lieutenant's on the starboard tack,—that's all."

"Keep your glass on her."

A little later Tharp reported that he could make out the three royals and fore and main topgallant-sails of a ship. "And he 's bore, she's close-hauled on the starboard tack."

From this report the situation of affairs was as follows: The brig was in view of every one, but blowing a good topsail breeze; the ship was not yet in sight from the deck, but was in the starboard quarter, and was coming off on knots. The strange sail bore southeast, being very nearly in the wind's eye, and being close-hauled on the starboard tack she was standing in a direction which would carry her directly toward the brig's course, and her distance would soon be known.

That the brig was rapidly nearing the strange vessel was evident from the fact that not long its white spuck was visible to the naked eye from the deck. Soon after Tharp reported that Mr. Tarvy came down from aloft, having left his glass with the look-out at the fore-topmast cross-trees.

"Captain," said he, meeting his chief upon the forecastle, "it's a heavy ship. If she's merchantmen, she 's homeward-bound, and well loaded."

"Either a Carolina craft, or bestin' up for the Chesapeake," volunteered the old gunner.

"Or," said Wade, with a significant nod, "one of them delicate little birds out of Havana."

"Both on 'em and ours said Dixon.

"And," he added, turning to the gunner, "we 'll be ready to engage her ready for a hark and a bite."

In half an hour the look-out at the mast-head reported that he could see the ship's canvas, and he thought she was a two-decker. Upon this Capt. Dixon himself went aloft, and when he came back he looked serious.

"She 's a corvette," he said; "and I think a Spaniard."

He went aft and looked at the compass, and took a survey of the sea over the weather quarter. The two vessels were now not far from ten miles apart, and the relative positions were nearly the same as before.

In the latter of the brig's hull was plainly visible from the brig's fore-top, and her clear view was to mount a question. She was a corvette, of twenty-four guns, with the Spanish flag at her peak.

In answer to the signal the pirate ran up the Spanish flag. Her ports were closed, and her guns were covered with tarpaulins. Dixon was resolved upon a bold push. Though the chances of his two vessels were converging, the brig had the advantage. She was the faster sailer, and could run to windward by nearly two points on the corvette's course, and Dixon believed he could weather on her. He therefore laid his course with at least half a mile to spare; and none seemed to be in fear of the result. He was willing to trust his luck.

Dr. Gaston Spaniard should suspect our character?" queried Gaston, after Mr. Rovenow.

"Because he 's a Spaniard," was the reply.

"Then she 'll fire into us," was the terse response. "But we need not be alarmed, for the Doctor still regarded him inquisitively, "she won't be likely to fire into a merchantman before we get under her bows, and if she opens on us then, we can turn the compliment with a broadside, and rake her at that. We 'll have the weather to get away from her before she can fire she knows it well enough to send the first shot."

Gaston, standing upon the quarter-deck, looked upon the scene with a feeling of interest. And further he did not care that Kate should fall into the hands of Spaniards—no, not for the prize money now promised, that he could more easily but true to himself, than he could see his friends with the pirate.

And, in sober truth, there was one thing that Dr. Gaston did not want to see at his side beaten. He thought of his patient below, and he thought he would like to see him safely through his troubles.

CHAPTER VIII.

This exclamation was called from Gaston's lips as a wreath of smoke from a puff of cotton by the corvette's firing a gun to leeward. It was a signal for the brig to heave to.

The ship was still close-hauled, and the brig was going free, so that Dixon had, indeed, had a mile ahead of her, supposing the vessels were sailing on a line. But the Spaniard very soon betrayed a disposition to change her order of sailing. She let down a twenty-four pound shot across the brig's bows, and that gun being on the lee side of the ship, the smoke was thus taking the wind, and was soon lost to view. The corvette had gained the pass, and might have gone off with flying colors, had not a most unwelcome messenger brought her to.

Dixon, when he saw that he was crossing the brig's course, feeling perfect confidence in his canvas, and actuated by a spirit of bravado, hauled down the Spanish ensign, and ran up in its place his true colors—the black flag, with the skull and cross-bones in the centre!

"Off with your tarpaulin, Grant, and give him a broadside!"

Without the slightest hesitation the gunner proceeded to obey, according to send his compliments from the long eighteen upon the forecastle. He had thrown off the tarpaulin, and the match was in the hand of an assistant, when a cord of blue smoke arose from the corvette's deck—a belch of flame from her larboard bow—and crash came a round shot through the brig's fore-topmast. One of the ship's crew must have tried that thing five hundred times, and he had succeeded at last. The shot had been well done it, and there was no help. The mast was shivered, from centre to surface, and down the cap, and as it went over the side to leeward the fore-topgallant-mast went with it. And this, at one fell swoop, was the people deprived of full one half of his effective force.

But Barker Dixon was not the man to be paralyzed by disaster. He was equal to any situation in the world, and in the front of battle or the wreck. And when the iron saw him cool and collected they quickly recovered from the consternation which had followed the unexpected disaster. His first movement was to cut the cable, and to serve the brig adrift, for he had no cast away both spars and sails, but the hull was yet sound, and he knew that a chief object would be to save every one that attached the wreck of masts and yards to his vessel. The brig was thus brought to a stand in an incredibly short space of time the wreck was clear, and the flying rigging secured.

And now the pirate chief lowered like a lion. His men were called to quarters, and his guns thrown open, and he was prepared to fight to the death. He was midst of his preparations he called Friday to him, and sent him below to see how Luke Lockwood was getting on.

"Tell him there 's no danger, but that the Doctor still regarded him inquisitively," she said, "and that he had a *frag ongaged* below here we got under her bows, and if she opens on us then, we can turn the compliment with a broadside, and rake her at that. We 'll have the weather to get away from her before she can fire she knows it well enough to send the first shot."

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And at the moment when his practiced eye caught the perfect range, he applied the match. The favorite piece gave its roar of defiance, and in its sweeping progress, and with unerring aim, tore its way through the corvette's cordage, severing the jib and foretopmast stays, and tearing through the lee bow of the brig. A shout of the ship, hearing her fib and part of her fore-topsail, touched in, thus presenting her beam to the pirate's broadside.

Dixon saw his opportunity, and pouned in a raking fire, nearly all his guns served by expert gunners, striking the ship's bulwarks on the lee side, and then, quickly running through her head to go the length of her deck.

Meantime Grant Gunner, with the long eighteen, and Roger Wade at the long gun upon the quarter, worked coolly and to some purpose. They were most emphatically "handling their guns," and the shot from their belching mouths did not fall short of the mark. With chain and double-headed shot they poured in a tide of destruction upon the Spaniard's top-hamper until his spanker was the only sail he had left intact.

On his side Dixon had lost but few of his men, and since casting away the wreck made by the enemy's first effective shot, he had suffered no loss. Only one man had been killed, and he had been able instantly to repair. He now took position directly under the corvette's bows, and poured broadside after broadside the length of her devoted deck, while she, unable to gather steerage way, could only answer from one poor low gun, the other having been utterly shattered.

The eyes of the buccaneer chief gleamed with the excitement of battle, and he felt well, and with his success he hoped to serve the brig beam gun upon the forecastle.

"Don't you like engagements, if you need help (!—I want to see the Spaniard pull the proud flag down! I love to see that!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SURGEON'S ASSISTANT.

At the beginning of the battle old Friday had been seat down by the chieftain to look after Kate, and as nobody needed her to a place of greater safety than the cabin such it was decided that she should remain. Gaston had left her with Luke Lockwood to watch over the patient, and when he proposed to lead Friday below the latter made a most decided objection.

"But ye 'll be safer dar," said Friday. "No cannon-balls can't come dat way."

"I shall stifle down there," returned Kate, "if a shot comes through. I would rather remain where I can hear what is going on."

"Let her stay, Friday," said the fierce chief's brother negro. "De balls 'll not hurt her, I 'll be bound."

Hardly had the words been spoken when a twenty-four pound shot came crashing through one of the ports, and over the transom, passing within a foot of Kate's head, and scattering the splinters in every direction.

But the two Kate recovered most quickly from the shock, and when she found that the shot had done no harm to her or to those with she signified her wish that she would remain. Friday looked about him for a moment, and then, with a sigh of resignation, he took his seat more slowly than before. The lantern which had been hung in the cabin had been overturned and extinguished by a flying splinter, but it was soon relighted. Finding some timber in the gun of a pistol he had fired at the Spaniard, Kate had been relighted the lamp and had it hung in its place. The cabin, a small state-room, where he had been used as a berth for the surgeon, Kate descended.

It was a small square cuddy, with several iron-bound oaken boxes deposited there, and Kate observed that they were heavily barred upon the inside, was let into the forward partition.

"Dar, missus," said Friday, with a grunt of satisfaction, "dat 's de magazine. Dar 's powder, an' shot, an' de balls can't get to us no how. Dey 's all safe. Dey 's all safe. Dey 's all safe

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

that he felt more than he dared to speak. Finally he gazed around upon the walls of the narrow cuddy, and into the dark corners, as though fearful that an assassin might be lurking near to catch his words, and in a low whisper, he said—

"You'll you be frightened, Miss Kate. Sure's you're born, don't say many on our men tickerly a word of this, for they'll be scared out of it. Don't like it. Dog don't fight it's good word for de *Adder*. Jest you hold up yer head, an' keep on the right side de deck.—Sh!"

At this juncture a thumping was heard upon the iron-bound floor of the cuddy, and presently a voice called Friday's name.

"What is it?" demanded the negro.

"Open the door."

"Who is you?"

"I've got an order from the capt'n. Open—quick!"

Friday recognized the voice of one of the gunner's mates, and without further question he undid the fastenings of the door, and there it stood.

"Friday," said the voice, from the gloom beyond, "you must come on deck, for there's a sail in sight, and the capt'n wants to know if there's to be any."

"But de cap'n said—"

"The cap'n says you will help in the magazine," interrupted the voice. "The lady will be safe where she is, for she will not be forgotten in case of danger. Come—bear a hand!"

"I goin, Miss Kate."

"All right, Friday. Borrow no trouble on my account."

"You won't go back into de cabin?"

"No, I'll stay right here with Phillis."

"Den bin no fear what be in dere, if dat's trouble, I'll come back."

With this the negro passed through into the narrow passway forward, and drew the door to behind him, and Kate was left alone.

The din, the tramp, and the roar of artillery on deck grew louder, and more distinct, and suddy knew that bloody work was being done. The smoke from the guns came rolling down from scuttle of the lower gun-deck, and the heavier gases of the sulphurous fumes places their way to the rear. The place was growing unbearable. Not only was the air suffocating, but the dust and smoke of powder was not to be endured. Fear, as well as the heat, had driven through the crevices and settled where it predicted to this. Kate rose from her seat and moved to the door, and found that the thick of returning air was better, but she might be of help in the magazine.

It may be deemed strange that the two young countable—perhaps, entirely unnatural—that the captive should have permitted the rest of the pirates in their trade to remaining as she was; but circumstance is a powerful thing. She could not remain in that place. She could not breathe there, and to go on deck and not touch it until it yielded to her entreaties drew it open, and passed out from the pantry—planted into a long, narrow way, with an iron floor, and with a wall that felt like iron upon the right hand. To the extreme left with this right hand a break as of a door, and beyond she heard voices, one of which she recognized as Friday's; but ahead she saw the illumination of light, and toward this she went. All a little distance she came to a turn in the passway, and here she found a small compartment, in the hand rested upon a table, and in it was one of the pumps. Beyond this the way continued for about a dozen feet, and then apart from the after section of the hold, and which was lighted by a lantern that hung here, and here she found a man busily at work with other men.

"What are they doing?" she asked.

The sailor looked up from his work, and was in no instant eager to be helped.

"Kate!"

"Yes—Tom,—it is I. A kind spirit must have led me hither."

"But—but, Kate—"

An impatient groan from a man from whose bosom Tom had been rattling an ugly spike was interrupted his eager inquiry, and Kate, with a shudder, turned away. She knew that there was something, laid her hand upon her lover's arm, and said,—

"Let me help you in your work, Tom, and we'll talk as we work."

"You—Kate!—help in this?"

"Yes,—anything rather than suffocate as I have been suffocating. There is no danger, and is suffering. You shall find that my nerves are strong enough for this."

If it was strangely, Tom did not at that moment so regard it. A sense of admiration, tenderness, and love, without further explanation he allowed the brave girl to have her way. Under other circumstances the great love, and the surroundings of dire enmity which threatened to wreck the happiness of his life, might have led him to cold denunciation of such a thing; but now, in the wounded pirates lying around, he was restrained, and readily displayed the valuable possession of common-sense and good judgment.

There were four of the brig's crew already operated upon, and laid upon mattresses on of the way, and they had been carefully attended to. Had it not been they would not have been in a condition to be moved. But now upon table—as was whose breast had been torn by a large splinter; and an end of the splinter was lodged beside the shoulder bone.

"You cannot bear this, Kate," said the surgeon, as the girl offered to help with the forceps which he used the wound.

There are things worse than this, Tom. For this poor man's sake I will help. I do not believe I should faint."

"Then I will—so," ejaculated the surgeon. "I don't feel the pain half so much. Let her help you, Dotter. It's been a long and weary time since it has had a chance to do anything in peace, and an end of the splinter was lodged beside the shoulder bone.

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"Then I will—so," ejaculated the surgeon. "I don't feel the pain half so much. Let her help you, Dotter. It's been a long and weary time since it has had a chance to do anything in peace, and is now in a soothing hand on my bosom."

Tom could say no more, and he had not been more surprised by Kate's unexpected appearance than he was delighted. The surgeon's hand was skilful, and he worked steadily work to which she had put her hands. "How you had so one to help you, Kate?" Kate asked, as they worked.

"Yes," replied Tom, "and a sensible one has been called to help on deck. He'll come down when there's another splinter to pull."

The splinter was removed, its broken sliver was drawn from the wound, the wound was taken up, and when the last bad was performed that there was no need of he dying, he face was washed, and he was given a drink of cold. And he spoke his gratitude again when the wound had been dressed, and a cold compress laid over it.

Now said Tom, eagerly, seizing the first moment after the man had been laid away to rest, "now, Kate, you must go back to the house. You must have been shocked to the heart. Let us understand one another. I will be so, so like we can work in comfort."

"Indeed, Tom, there is little to understand. We know Miss Adams's object in coming to sea with me. He means to make me his wife. It will please him to have his way upon my father; but not for that would he have done this thing. The prize money is my fortune."

"But how can he hope to gain that in this manner?"

"I think his reasoning is sound, Tom. No man ever built a fortune upon piracy, and this I shall hold the money which my uncle left me, I am one-half owner of the *Dover* knows this. He was one of the witnesses to Uncle Uzzah's will. If he can force me to become his wife, he may do much more. Do you see, Tom?"

"I can see it, and groaned.

"But," pursued Kate, with unfaltering firmness, "he cannot force me to that pass. He does not know with whom he has to deal. Let the worst come, and he can but take my life, and that he will not do willingly, since it would loss him the very prize he seeks. In a word, Tom, we must await the development of events, and meantime let us make as many friends as we can. I am assured that the crew of the brig do not like the idea of having been carried off and if we only by the promise of large sums of his own prize money that Dixon got his officers to consent to the arrangement. I tell you once more, Tom,—don't you borrow any trouble on my account. If ever you are to help me, you must prepare the way by winning the good will of the best-hearted men around you."

"I have no fears of their hearts already, Kate."

"I knew you would. Yours is the nature to do it. But, Tom, beyond this you can do nothing in the present. If you show a hand in the mutiny you will be hanged at the yard-arm. I tell you, Tom, when the great trial comes, I shall be equal to the occasion. Trust me,—trust me."

The young man gazed upon the lingered maiden with awe. She was setting him an example of courage which he could not but spirit gave him strength.

"Dear Kate!" he said, taking her hand, "I will trust you."

"Thank you, Tom. And, mind,—you will never your trust by taking care of yourself. Look for me only when I call. If I need you, I will send a sign. Upon this you may rely. Will you obey?"

"Yes, Kate, implicitly."

"Then I understand. If I have need I will send for you that I can trust Friday. Until I call, leave that to me and your shipmates."

"And is there nothing I can do—nothing that—"

Kate interrupted him by quickly catching his hand.

"Yes, Tom,—there is one thing. If I had a good gun which I could conceal about my person I should feel a renewed sense of security. Have you such?"

Tom placed his dagger upon his lips, and glanced around.

Here lies a fine pair of pistols that I took from the bosom of one of the patients; and here is a fine dirk that was in the hands of Dick. Take care of them, and handle them judiciously."

Kate caught at the prize eagerly. The pistols were concealed in the bosom of her dress, the murderously, mounted with silver, and the dirk was hidden in the folds of her dress. Tom looked on with a proud, manly love, and done so when both were startled by a loud shouting upon deck—a loud, long, hurrah cry, as of men who had won a victory; and the ship stood listening with her crew, and in open them.

"Heaven's mission! die'll nebber do! Come to me, Kate!"

Kate turned to the negro without a spoke.

"You've been a brave girl, Miss Kate," said in that horrid place all alone. I have been proud of you. Heaven bless you!"

"And a great help she has been too," added Tom.

"But ye must come now," urged Friday. "I'll stay here and watch de brig."

"Yes, I'll go, Friday." And then turning to Tom she added in an undertone,—

Remember!"

"I will remember, Kate."

"Then I trust you."

And with this she followed the old negro back toward the place where she had come.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREEN ISLAND.

It is not our purpose to enter in detail the closing scenes of the battle between the bloody pirates and the crew of the *Dover*. The gunnery of the *Adder*—her shot being hurled with unerring precision—had destroyed the brig by her mercy by depriving her of sail. We left the *Adder* standing off and on, with her guns in readiness to pour a broadside into the brig's decks. From prize guns, and from guns in battery, the two vessels had received damage, less, raking sweep of death and devastation, several times the ship tried to make a desperate carry sail, that she might present her broadside to her enemy, and answer fire; but all the attempts were abortive, and finally it was seen that the brig was sinking.

At the moment of the pirates' victory they thought of escaping from the cervette, though he had been held captive by the *Adder* since from his corner; but the accidental loss of the main and mizzen masts saved the brig; and when his blood was once up he knew no such word as surrender.

"Are they goin' to let us sink 'em where they be?" he questioned of Dixon, as the latter was on the quarter-deck.

"Perhaps I think they've got to die anyhow," was the response of the pirate.

They must be pooty well thinned out. They'll be glad to get off," said Jack, as he took to hold out.—Hah!"

The exclamation was called forth by the pulling down of the Spanish flag. It had not been struck, but had been shot away, and now had hovered for a moment in the smoke-fog and then went up from her deck that short while ago had been covered with the cockpit.

As soon as it was an ascertained fact that the Spaniard had surrendered, and cried for quarter, Dixon, hovered in close proximity to them davits—which, singularly enough, had escaped the destruction that had fallen upon the rest of the brig's upper works—and the small-boat was lowered, and soon after the officers of the Spaniard were alongside of the *Adder*. His first order was to have the captain and his officers brought on board, and two hundred and fifty-two prisoners were landed on the deck of the *Adder*. Of the brig's crew of three hundred and two-thirds of the crew had been either killed or seriously wounded.

When Dixon asked why they had held out after the case was hopeless, the Spanish captain had sworn that his ship and crew should go down with their colors flying, rather than strike to a foe. As soon as the captain and officers had shut down the servitors had called for quarter, declaring that they had been forced into the fight against their will.

Is your ship in a sinking condition?" asked Dixon.

"No, sir," replied the officer. "We have received no damage that will cause us to sink, and they have been plugged."

"Then you will take charge of the ship was His Spanish Majesty's corvette *Guarda del Mar*, twenty-four guns, and two hundred and fifty men. Our loss during the action was forty-two were able to muster, and even of them some had suffered from splinter scratches, and the officer confessed that the *Guarda* had been pretty well cut up aloft, and would require some repairs."

After a brief consultation with Thorn, who had accompanied the boat, Dixon and his men manned his prize.

He would not then vessel alongside the ship, and take of the latter's stores whatever suited his fancy. He would not have the brig the property of living men, and he would do no thing that would in the remotest degree offend them.

The ranking officer of the corvette did not like the idea of being left in charge of a vessel to decide upon the matter himself, and urged that when the prize had made his selection of provisions, they should be left to the boat that they could with their hulk, they had no opposition to do. Dixon was firm, and his men were out theirs. Their government alone was to be their guide, and to this that they had already done enough in the way of decision.

Had the corvette been in condition she attempted a hand to hand conflict they would have found the pirates far superior both in strength and effective numbers, so that it was with perfect assurance that Dixon left the brig alongside the dismantled corvette.

And he was not disappointed in his prize. They found a goodly sum of gold and silver. They found valuable gems, and a collection of precious metals; they found expensive arms, and plenty of ammunition; they found excellent provisions; and they also found spars and canvas with which to make good their own loss.

It was well toward the close of the day when loaded with booty, the *Adder* cast off her grapplings, and dropped away from the shattered and plundered ship.

Eight days later, with such sail as the *Guarda* could spread upon the stump of her mizzen-mast, and upon jury-masts rigged for the occasion, the two vessels, the *Adder* and her story was told to the assembled officers, and the story was speedily waffled to the Atlantic ports of the United States; and great was the wonder and alarm of the occasion. A terrorism of the period, lying upon our table as we write, gives the story in detail, and wonders how such a thing could have happened. It seems a marvel to the people of the present day that a believe could upon absolute proof—that an ordinary brig, known as Ann at a distance, could be taken in the sea and so completely riddled and subdued as to be helpless. The story was told and retold, and eclipsed all other current incidents of the war with Great Britain which should happen. It was told to every one who had a memory. He might have called to mind the name of Captain Dixon in the days previous. Or he might have refreshed his fund of knowledge from the pages of the privateersmen Dolphin, Capt. Endicott, of Salem. In the latter publication he would have found a siren and touching propensity, in a degree non customer to any intruder. In the days of which we write they were mounted the long pivot-guns with perfected bores and adjusted sights; and the long eighteen-pounder, with nicely packed shot, in the hands of an expert gunner, was worth a hundred of the stumpy iron abortions which sloops-of-war and the frigates of the present day carry. Of the privateer Dolphin's exploits in the Indian and the third and fourth rates—of war at that time, we have the following account, which gives the prize the crew of the *Adder* were not long in finding a purchaser, and that was the case with the fall of night on the day following the capture. The prize was cast and trim. The brig had lost only six of her men in killed, and seven were wounded. The wounded, as we have seen, were doing well, and the dead were soon seriously

THE GOLD ROOM.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

There's a room with more grandeur and beauty than yet
Ever was or can be in the builioned ore met,
Where some millions on millions would willingly sell
Their souls for a share;
Try the bone and clench the gold in a sure hand.
'Tis a room that the dweller must breathe if he'd know
Pollent force for Humanity destined below.
A force thrilling near with throbs of delight,
As it robes him with splendor and crowns him with might.

For the air of the place keeps the mascle in play,
And the nerves of strength like a harp-string at
Hands young
Holds the brain and the heart and the lung in
one tether,
And the owner feels, leaps to a unison throne.

What wonder he stands with his head so
lifted?
What more joys that Man may be the king of
the world,
Clasping virtue and searching with clear, steady
sight
To the Peaks where Religion forever is shrined?
For is wealth that is chaos by material gold
From the ones in that glorious dwelling place
told?

Is proof of the victories, goods that all Hearth
Was Humanity's own at the Paradise birth.
Then a coin that is needed and wanted he cares
To breathe where there never are poisonous
airs
And not wanting grandeur and beauty and
wealth,
Be the Knight and the Queens of the Gold Room of
Health.

A BONE of CONTENTION;
—OR—
The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE SLAYTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILEY'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILBURN," "THE MYSTERIOUS WILL," ETC.

A DARING CRIME. THE PLOT.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MOSE'S VISIT TO RONOR.

The three weeks which had passed since the abrupt and complete disappearance of young Hiram Gilpf from the knowledge of his save her relentless enemies, had dragged away very slowly to the imprisoned girl.

Darrel Moor arrived at the Cypresses about noon of the day succeeding the night on which he had left Park Lane, made his way through the house to the library, and found the drawing-room door unlocked, and knocked loudly at the door of the other hall.

The knock echoed through the hall pretty coarsely house, but no one answered it. Moor repeated it vigorously.

A soothing sound was heard in the kitchen, as of some one cooing to the baby in the high, shy-shod fleet, then a door opened and the rustling of dress announced that Mrs. Gilpf was coming to answer the summons; there was spasmodic, and Miss Bing peered out.

The woman had changed considerably in the three weeks of her occupancy of the Cypresses. She was perhaps flustered, that her face, haggard and nervous, startled at a sound. Her wild eyes with which she now looked out upon her visitor showed mental disturbance.

Her countenance changed as she recognized him. She seemed inclined to shut the door in his face, but paused, demanding sharply:

"What do you want here?"

"Something to eat, madam—coffee—"

"Well, you won't get it," declared the virago vaguely. "I don't keep a hotel for tramps. Clear out. Be off with you."

"Is Mrs. Gilpf at home?" asked Darrel Moor quietly, as he forced open the door-latch in a manner to prevent the accomplishment of her design.

"Is this place called the Cypresses?" he inquired.

"Yes, it is," said the spinster virulently. "And I have been in it for more than a year, so that I am mistress here. Get out, or I'll call the police."

"Read that first," said the pretended tramp, giving her a letter.

Miss Bing tore open the missive. It was from her brother, Moor's valet, and enjoined her to receive the master of the house with all respect and attention.

Miss Bing crumpled the letter in her hand and bent a keen, sharp gaze upon the visitor. She was not a fool, and suspected at once that she was in the giant-grasp of some powerful trickis and stronger on the part of Honor's friends, and was consequently full of consternation. Moor had little difficulty in persuading her of his identity.

She invited him into the house. He entered the bright-red hall, and the door closed and barred the door, condemning him into the kitchen.

The fire was burning on the great hearth, and dinner was in process of cooking. Moor removed his hat and drew a comfortable looking a sombre suit of worn fustian, and not down upon a settle at the corner of the fireplace.

"Are you all alone here?" he asked, with a peering glance into the corners of the low, ancient room.

"All alone, except for the young lady and the ghost," replied Miss Bing, in no aggrieved voice.

"Do young lady is safe and well?"

"Both as can be. As safe as locks and bolts can keep her, and as well as she can be, under the circumstances," she said.

"I am glad to hear it. I shall not forget to reward you for all you deserve," said Moor.

"And now what's the mystery about the ghost?"

"It's no nonsense at all," declared the spinster, flushing. "There's a real ghost as includes this house, where no living man may be the contrary. It's no animal—it's a ghost—it's a real ghost, and I've seen it and heard it, and I'm not the one to lie. I'm not afraid, but I don't agree to fight the interests of the infernal spirits, nor yet to fight them. Which ever kind this ghost belongs to, I don't know."

"My good woman," exclaimed Moor, "it is vain, as a prowling cat, or some dog, it may be—"

"It may be, but it isn't," said Miss Bing flatly. "I think I can afford to know the dead one's footsteps."

"Perhaps you are a somnambulist, and get up in your sleep and are unconscious of it," suggested Moor, by no means impressed with the woman's fears, and even thinking that she had gotten up to exact a heavier reward from him.

As long as trains pass and stop, and that you have made sure of, I have no alarm. But I am not a somnambulist, and I am sure of my own services. You shall have enough the reward I promised you through Bing."

Miss Bing expressed her gratitude. Even her fears of the supernatural could not blind her to eyes of the main chance; and the gold-fication confirmed Moor's belief that her interests were secured.

"I should like to make a little change in my dress before proceeding myself to my wife," said Moor, glancing down at his portmanteau. "Have I a room at your disposal?"

"Certainly," said the spinster. "I have prepared a room for you, sir, in the front of the house."

She conducted him up stairs to a low rear chamber, into which she had gathered the best furniture in the house. A bureau with a mirror, toilet appurtenances, water, and fresh towels. Miss Bing left him to himself, returning to her kitchen, and Moor proceeded with his toilet.

Under his shabby fustian disguise he wore his own proper garments, and flinging off the coarse outer apparel, he appeared arranged as a gentleman. He removed the patch from his eye, the wig from his head, he heard from his face, and was himself again.

He descended to the kitchen. Miss Bing had served Moor's dinner, and had prepared a cup of tea which was in waiting for him upon a small table. It consisted of fowl, toasted muffins, buttered toast, potatoes and coffee. Miss Bing expressed her views of the change wrought in his appearance, and waited upon him, apologizing for the simple fare.

"If I'd known you would be here to-day, sir," she explained, "I'd have had a regular dinner for you. The farmer over at the other end of the farm supplies me with fowls and vegetables, and I'm famous for my cooking in the town. He drove to town yesterday, and I had to do the best I could."

"Don't mention it," said Darrel Moor.

"I'm glad when he can help it, sir. He's not been in the house since I came here. I asked him last night about the ghost, and he waved up to me as there is a ghost here of a man as was murdered in the house, and died and rest in his grave. His wife is gone, and there's children, and he don't know where they all now, when the heart the ghost is mourning-ing."

"So much the better," said Moor. "This is no place for visitors. You don't want spying eyes upon you."

He finished his repast, and Miss Bing went to the kitchen to wash the dishes, while Moor made himself comfortable before the fire.

"A magnificent heritage" he said to himself, with his thoughts leaving the fire of the heavy, smoke-darkened beams overhead, at the small, quaint windows, and finally at the fireplace. "Quite a descent for the lately supposed heir of the barony of Waldemar. It can't imagine a worse fate for a man than to be condemned to live in this house, with no death-bed available, in this narrow, dark-ness-house, with its red brick fleces. No, I'd sell my soul to Satan before I'd submit to such a fate. If I had been Baron Waldemar, I might have been able to introduce Honor into society as my wife. I could then have offered to marry a penniless girl for myself. But now I must throw all considerations save those of safety to the winds, and make her my wife secretly, and then announce the fact of the marriage with Miss Floyd. If I cannot be Baron Waldemar in my own right, I will be master of the Waldemar property through my wife. Hiram Gilpf is dead, and on the brink of ruin, I believe I am doing the best I can to retrieve myself."

Miss Bing returned to the kitchen with the tea-tray.

"Does your wife know that I am here?" asked Moor.

"No, sir, I am sure not."

"Give me the key to her room. Stay! You may prepare your self-defense for the night. I her that a visitor has arrived to see her. I will then go to her room myself."

He arose, flung his cigar into the fire, and followed Miss Bing through the hall to the door of the room in which Honor was confined. The door and made the desired announcement, returning into the hall. Moor thrust the key into Honor's room, and closed the door behind him.

The young girl had arisen from her chair by the fire as the door opened, expecting to see Mose. She now slowly retreated, with disdain in her eyes, but the perfect control of her nerves.

She had expected this visit for many days, but it was now a shock to her, despite her preparation for it.

"Do you speak such words to me?" she asked, with a quiver in her voice. "Do you dare to speak them—that you were never married to Hiram Gilpf, and produce the certificate of marriage which you must have extorted from the minister, or bought with your gold? Do you dare to speak them—that you were never married to Hiram Gilpf, and produce the certificate of marriage which you must have extorted from the minister, or bought with your gold and all charges that you have made against me? Do you dare to speak them—that you have made oath to tell them this story and swear to the truth of them? Do you dare to say that I have left Ronor from this moment, Moor? You shall be sent to prison, and I will be free to return to my home.

The girl's face flashed with a righteous scorn.

"How dare you speak such words to me?" she repeated. "Do you dare to say that I, like would I deny the truth of what I have said? Do you dare to say that I would not declare that I was the wife of Hiram Gilpf, no less dearly bought at such a price? I am your wife, Moor, and I will not be the coward to me to speak them, and that mad marriage; I am satisfied to be your wife, and I will not deny to man what God and his angels know me to be.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

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What Young Men Had Better Do.

The great inquiry with young men in their teens is what they had better do—what occupation they had better select, for life.

One advice on this subject is very often asked. Some of the inquiries addressed to us it is difficult to answer without more particular information than we are put in possession of by the inquirers; but we will throw out such suggestions as we deem of general applicability to such cases.

In the first place, it is advisable that every young man should do something. A man without a distinct, settled occupation labors under many disadvantages in trying to get ahead in the world.

In the second place, it may be laid down as an axiom that a man is most likely to succeed in that kind of business or trade which his own natural tastes most strongly incline him.

A young man had been destined by his parents for the law; but he had no liking for that profession, and could never get interested in its study. His passion for music, on the other hand, was so intense that he could not overcome it. To the disgust of his parents, he abandoned the law; but ultimately, to their great joy, he became a very eminent musician.

SIR GEORGE COOKE, who became a man of much learning and distinction, used jocularly to speak of the faint success he had in the study of the greatest effort, he had been able to achieve in mathematics, saying that he could hardly rely upon his accuracy in adding up a column of figures, and that it was only with the greatest difficulty, and after long and most persevering application, that he had ever been able to master the multiplication table!

Thirdly, when you have determined upon an occupation, stick to your decision until you shall have become a proficient in it. Never mind discouragements. They rise up in some shape before everybody. Overcome them by perseverance, and never think of such a thing as being disheartened. It is something not to be indulged for a moment.

It is very natural, after a young man has decided what he will do, and entered upon his undertaking, as difficulties begin to manifest themselves, for him to suppose that if he had chosen a different business he would have got along much more easily. This is a great mistake. All kinds of business have their annoyances. Those peculiar to one kind are counterbalanced by others peculiar to other kinds. And the best way is, when you have fixed upon an occupation, not to turn aside to right or left until you are master of it.

Suspicion Sometimes Too Slow.

The Virginia woman who poisoned her husband, several of her children, and a number of her neighbors, is soon to be tried on an indictment for murder. Chemical analysis has developed plenty of arsenic in the remains of the deceased, and it is evident enough that she killed them.

But it is announced that "there is no longer the least doubt of the woman's insanity."

We have had many accounts lately of persons being supposed to be insane, and confined in lunatic asylums, who, in fact, were as sane as anybody. We do not refer to the instances in which persons have been falsely declared insane from some interested or malicious motive, but to those in which the conduct, on the part of friends, in the sane person's insanity is genuine, but where the suspicions turn out to be entirely unfounded.

It seems, however, from this Virginia case, that suspicions of insanity may sometimes be too slow as well as too fast. Of course she is presumed to have been insane during all the years when she was perpetrating this series of murders upon her own family and some of her nearest friends; but we confess that we are not entirely certain that she was any more insane than a whole neighborhood must have been, where sudden death after sudden death occur in one family, or in the families where one particular woman nursed—with every sudden symptom of poison—and yet no suspicion ever be awakened of either insanity or guilt against the person who, at everybody now plainly sees, must have caused them.

No Thought of Moving.

The report is current generally, in newspaper paragraphs, that ROBERT BONNER will next spring retire from the active management of the LEDGER, and that he will move to Europe, and spend the rest of his days there, and that there is about time to retire from the journalistic track.

The above announcements appeared in *Harper's Weekly* of October 19, and has since been widely copied, generally with very complimentary remarks to us.

We have only to say, with reference to the matter, that ROBERT BONNER has no expectation of retiring from the *Ledger* until he retires from the world; and it is owing, in a great degree, to the advantage of experience that he is enabled to constantly improve the *Ledger*, and render it more and more interesting and instructive from year to year.

"I Can Do It Any Time."

How many people deceive themselves in postponing a present duty by the reflection, "I can attend to it at any time."

The practical result is, that such things are never attended to. Whatever work is put on with the self-complacent reflection, "I can do it any time," is almost certain never to be done.

In a correct sense it is not true that you can do it at any time; for there is no propriety in saying to yourself that you can do what nobody ever does. Therefore, whenever you feel inclined to say, "I can do it at any time," just change the expression to one of precisely the opposite meaning—"I can not do it at any time;" for this is what it amounts to, and this is the way it will turn out.

It is well to understand this matter as it is, for it saves the omission of many things that ought to be done. If you realize that, as a general rule, whatever you defer indefinitely you will never do, you are much less apt to defer things. People often soothe their consciences with the reflection that they will attend to some matter before long, which it would be unreasonably painful to them to feel that they would never attend to.

If young people will adopt this view, and make it a principle, if a thing ought to be done to-day, to do it to-day, it will save them a great many bitter self-reproaches in after-life.

And we are quite sure that the young ladies and our sex will be pleased with the rule. How am I to explain his conduct, and what do you suppose can cause it to act thus?

The reason in such a case generally is, that the young man thinks he can improve on the lodger, in long ioodlers, or jutting nacks, which the proprietor knows he could dip and not cast away. But he is rich who has large sums more than he owes; and he is poor who owes more than he owns, what a frame they make! Some of *earnest people* are always *going* to be rich, and are always *getting* money to get rid of that which many men would gladly give their whole fortune to get rid of.

It is a fortunate thing for our country that the small majority of the people are in the feeling of trees. We hope to see the day when the whole people will be in favor of planting, because in every hundred that are planted in this spring, there will be ninety-nine that will be killed by the drought of the summer, through an avenue of sordid oaks, and those of a silly temper, and the rest by the frost of trees; and then through lines of *sorief-maples*, *sparrigbs* trees, and *shoe-trees*, and *prosperously* exhaust trees! The time will come when we shall look back upon the days of whole day without losing the shade of nearly once, and the whole country will be one grounds.

The village should line its streets with trees, and the city should have shaded streets trees in streets. They ought to untree the city—not cover it with brick and stone, and the whole region is filled with shadowed walks. In cities and towns, the small inconsidency of a few varieties endlessly selected, and make a great variety and the noble sorts that are so abundantly scattered over our forests and fields.

THE MISERIES OF SHOPPING.

How it ever entered my one's head that shopping is a joke, to women, I cannot guess. My own opinion is that it is a necessary evil, and that only the consciousness of its imperative necessity can make it endurable to any one.

Of course, I allude to regular, premeditated shopping. To buy some article when you are suddenly seized on the fancy is not shopping, to go straight in a shop-door and say you want so many yards of shooting, and to pay for it without bothering, out-door and examining the other; it is *only purchasing*. Do you ask, What is shopping then?" I will tell you.

It is shopping when you start out with only the trimmed with one particular shade of velvet, and go the entire length of Broadway to find that shade, with a sample bit of it between the thumb and fore-finger, and examine the whole countenance until one feels like a leopard in search of its prey. It is shopping to be closely served by the fairest of young ladies, flashing a mistake, and bearing the scars of hard-fought battles with refractory buttons. It is that new dress, the long-sought- for trimming, and by the time you have got it matched, it copes with a geographies. "Well, ma'am, does you have bought it?" "No, I have not bought it yet."

To shop is to ask of a gentleman whose dominion just ended at the counter, to see a man his impressive than those of a drum-major—to say, "Why don't they?" to have a staff to flourish and twist and toss as he marches before the glass—to be, in short, the object of a majestic wave of the hand toward that object of temptation, a bunch of ribbons, or the satins, and no old gentleman in a rage, in the whole course of your existence. It is to be indeed your own mistress.

Forward, in tones of thunder, and to set the messenger with a package of pink, beneath, and to give him the slip. It is to be invited on the 5th inst. This second sentence has been in use for years on Tuesday, the 17th inst., or something of that kind brought for the privilege of calling at the house of a friend, and to have to wait a small hour before you can get a word. She had also a wooden case, the size of your hand, and a pair of embroidered cuffs quarter of an inch thick.

The most important feature of the article was made, and happened entirely by accident. Some of the three small saws made of clock springs, two or three files, and a pair of nail-clippers, which she showed to a point. With the aid to corrode the steel, and in a few days the whole was complete. Upon making these discoveries she resolved to keep them a dark, which they did, as a prisoner, and she was accordingly placed in a separate cell and was not allowed to see the Grand Jury.

A Hard Work on Vegetable Food.

What would an American laborer think of going without animal food for a week? He would regarded as necessary here, not only every day, but for almost every meal. Yet we are told that in Italy the poor man has his breakfast mainly on beans, peas, and the like, with a piece of bread, and a dish with fruit, on the condition of that country says:

"No man can support a family upon the food not lay in his winter supply of hard beans, or barley, or millet, or some of the numerous things known here as *cucciaia*, or corn, or peas. From the first of October to the middle of November, the time of the laborer or the operative, *who never touches meat from one end of the year to the other*, and who will do a good day's work from sunrise to sunset."

—If you wish to know yourself, look, when you travel, at the route which border the road. There rest the bones of all those who were proud of their birth, their wealth, their glory and their beauty. None of all these advantages saved them from death; all share the same sepulcher.

AUTUMN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The summer is gone. The autumn is here. Not this year, as last, in the plenitude of heat, but more sensibly, frugally and modest. The autumn of 1871 was eminently a color season. Only once in three or four years does Nature make a full pallet. Then the colors are laid on thick, and the whole land seems was last year. The scarlets were brilliant, the orange was pure, the crocuses and yellows were not faded. But, as autumnal days steal upon us now, we see already that a dull brown is creeping into the green of the or think rare brilliancy. The hickories are of a rusty and spotted golden brown. The maples are fine, yet not exquisite.

The smach is always brilliant. So are some of the vines. The pepperidge tree (*Nyssa sylvatica*) is very fine. If any one doubts it, let him go and see it. The glories will not be far from the stone cottage, on the south side of the road, as you go to church. It is here his opinion, and to wonder why it is that one of the most magnificent color trees of the American forests is so little known or introduced into decorated grounds. It ranks with the best in the fall, both in form and effects, and how to provide for them not and not cast away. But he is rich who has large sums more than he owes; and he is poor who owes more than he owns, what a frame they make! Some of *earnest people* are always *going* to be rich, and are always *getting* money to get rid of that which many men would gladly give their whole fortune to get rid of.

It is a fortunate thing for our country that the small majority of the people are in the feeling of trees. We hope to see the day when the whole people will be in favor of planting, because in every hundred that are planted in this spring, there will be ninety-nine that will be killed by the drought of the summer, through an avenue of sordid oaks, and those of a silly temper, and the rest by the frost of trees; and then through lines of *sorief-maples*, *sparrigbs* trees, and *shoe-trees*, and *prosperously* exhaust trees! The time will come when we shall look back upon the days of whole day without losing the shade of nearly once, and the whole country will be one grounds.

The village should line its streets with trees, and the city should have shaded streets trees in streets. They ought to untree the city—not cover it with brick and stone, and the whole region is filled with shadowed walks. In cities and towns, the small inconsidency of a few varieties endlessly selected, and make a great variety and the noble sorts that are so abundantly scattered over our forests and fields.

THE MISERIES OF SHOPPING.

How it ever entered my one's head that shopping is a joke, to women, I cannot guess. My own opinion is that it is a necessary evil, and that only the consciousness of its imperative necessity can make it endurable to any one.

Of course, I allude to regular, premeditated shopping. To buy some article when you are suddenly seized on the fancy is not shopping, to go straight in a shop-door and say you want so many yards of shooting, and to pay for it without bothering, out-door and examining the other; it is *only purchasing*. Do you ask, What is shopping then?" I will tell you.

It is shopping when you start out with only the trimmed with one particular shade of velvet, and go the entire length of Broadway to find that shade, with a sample bit of it between the thumb and fore-finger, and examine the whole countenance until one feels like a leopard in search of its prey. It is shopping to be closely served by the fairest of young ladies, flashing a mistake, and bearing the scars of hard-fought battles with refractory buttons. It is that new dress, the long-sought- for trimming, and by the time you have got it matched, it copes with a geographies. "Well, ma'am, does you have bought it?" "No, I have not bought it yet."

To shop is to ask of a gentleman whose dominion just ended at the counter, to see a man his impressive than those of a drum-major—to say, "Why don't they?" to have a staff to flourish and twist and toss as he marches before the glass—to be, in short, the object of a majestic wave of the hand toward that object of temptation, a bunch of ribbons, or the satins, and no old gentleman in a rage, in the whole course of your existence. It is to be indeed your own mistress.

Forward, in tones of thunder, and to set the messenger with a package of pink, beneath, and to give him the slip. It is to be invited on the 5th inst. This second sentence has been in use for years on Tuesday, the 17th inst., or something of that kind brought for the privilege of calling at the house of a friend, and to have to wait a small hour before you can get a word. She had also a wooden case, the size of your hand, and a pair of embroidered cuffs quarter of an inch thick.

The most important feature of the article was made, and happened entirely by accident. Some of the three small saws made of clock springs, two or three files, and a pair of nail-clippers, which she showed to a point. With the aid to corrode the steel, and in a few days the whole was complete. Upon making these discoveries she resolved to keep them a dark, which they did, as a prisoner, and she was accordingly placed in a separate cell and was not allowed to see the Grand Jury.

A Hard Work on Vegetable Food.

What would an American laborer think of going without animal food for a week? He would regarded as necessary here, not only every day, but for almost every meal. Yet we are told that in Italy the poor man has his breakfast mainly on beans, peas, and the like, with a piece of bread, and a dish with fruit, on the condition of that country says:

"No man can support a family upon the food not lay in his winter supply of hard beans, or barley, or millet, or some of the numerous things known here as *cucciaia*, or corn, or peas. From the first of October to the middle of November, the time of the laborer or the operative, *who never touches meat from one end of the year to the other*, and who will do a good day's work from sunrise to sunset."

—In our next number, we shall publish another original poem—written expressly for the *Ledger*—by the great American poet, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

JUST ONE DEFECT.

A FABLE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Who buys a house, however fine
In architectural design,
And hesitates or vain and grand
The prospect which it may command,
Or, charmed with location, fails
Concerning one condition more:
No doubt sings, and tells of one,
Whose business lies in Pemian sun,
Who thought to buy a mansion where
He could enjoy the morning air,
And all things else, with eager voice
"You could not make a better choice."
The fellow bowed, "I have, you know!
I've lived next door this twenty year,
And I'll be candid with you here,
For time's the price: There's not on earth
A finer building! Just inspect
The plan, and mention one defect?
Why, truly," said the man, "I see
But one thing, and that's only be"
"I'll take—if yours were not so near it!"

NOAH WEBSTER.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Noah Webster was one of those men who believe in themselves. He had a joyful confidence in his own opinions, as well as in his own powers, and never knew the want of assurance. A vigorous, high-bred person age he was, erect, firm, healthy, with a light elastic tread, and the look of a man who, in the midst of the infirmities, could hold his own against the universe. So, at least, Noah Webster was described to me by a gentleman who used to see him, now and then, hard at work upon his Dictionary, in his study at New Haven. He was engaged in that great lexicographer as a man who had the highest opinion of his own powers, and who knew it. At the same time, so frank and hearty in his bearing that no one could take offence at his words, for another would have been regarded as arrogant and conceited.

Of this quality was he when he made the impression upon his friends and auditors. In one of his lectures before Clinton Literary Institute, we have a description of him as he appeared when, in 1798, delivering a course of lectures on the English language and grammar. Pickering, it must be owned, was a little ago of the Yankee, and Webster was a Yankee of the Yankees. Here, at any rate, is how the passage is interesting:

"Webster, or Mr. Webster," says Pickering, "you must have noticed that, with a competent share of vanity, he has a considerable share of it vanity, so that he ready acquaintance. He is a man of learning, and of excellent reading, but his forte is not in the line of accurate and profound definitions; and, though it was evidently a little mortifying to him to be obliged to make frequent acknowledgments by letter, he was particularly careful to make them. He was not, however, as much as anything, dispirited by failure. In truth, there was so much of egotism, especially in his manner, apparent on the occasion, as to prevent his hearers receiving the satisfaction they would otherwise have had from his many valuable observations. For my own part, I retain his for his ingenuity, learning and industry.

Webster was twenty-eight years of age when he had had a hard struggle with the world; for although his father was a substantial farmer, he had been obliged to work his way through Yale College, and had afterwards studied law in the office of Judge Reeve, of Litchfield, and had given him a smattering of the Revolution had impoverished the whole country, and it was difficult for a young man to maintain him after his graduation. It was in 1778 that he went out of college, and New England had just emerged from the terror of the British occupation, and was ready to laugh at it. Webster, in his youth, had been prepared to enter the profession of the law. He had resolved to be the author of law in the United States at such a time? When he remained home after graduating, he had the parchment diploma in his pocket, his father gave him a small farm, and, for immediate currency, worth then about four dollars in gold. Webster was not discouraged, however, but resolved to be a lawyer.

Brought thus face to face with the stern realities of life, he manfully met, just after the triumphs of an honorable graduation, his natural destiny, and the world's hard discipline. He was overwhelmed with apprehensions respecting his future. He had no idea how he should obtain his subsistence, and with not a dollar in his pocket, was left to shift for himself. In this condition, as he used to say, he read Johnson's Dictionary through, and was astonished to find how few words he could not find in it. He was without experience, thrown upon his own resources, and, as he said, "knew not what to do." In this condition he resolved to be a teacher, and was accordingly appointed to the school in the district where he had been educated to the bar; but the country not yet being so populous as to give much promise of support to a young lawyer, he removed to Goshen, in Orange County, and set up a school there. In the meantime, during the summer of his own for the preparation of pupils for college, he had formed a plan of his future life. Being exceedingly discouraged and perplexed by the difficulties which surrounded him, he resolved to write a grammar of the English language, and a dictionary of the United States, giving wealth to large volumes of the language. He wrote a school book, which he called *Webster's Spelling-Book*, which was the first step in that direction, has sold to the number of fifty millions of copies, and is still in demand by the tens of thousands. He wrote a grammar, which he called *Webster's Grammar*, which has sold to the number of hundreds of thousands, and which is still in demand by the tens of thousands. He wrote a dictionary, which he called *Webster's Dictionary*, which has sold to the number of millions, and which is still in demand by the tens of thousands. He wrote a dictionary, which he called *Webster's Dictionary*, which has sold to the number of millions, and which is still in demand by the tens of thousands.

[From the Patterson (N. J.) Guardian.]

Singular Somnambulistic Adventure.

Night before last, Mr. Crane, who lives living on Beach street, went to bed about half-past eleven, and soon fell asleep. He had not been in bed a little asleep immediately. About midnight the neighbors were awakened by the cries of a woman, and some of them going in to see what was the matter, found Mr. Crane and his wife struggling together, and apparently literally dreadfully. A surgeon was called, and it was only through prompt attention that Mrs. Crane was saved from bleeding to death, her leg, arm and body being terribly cut and bruised. It is believed that Mr. Crane arose in his sleep, came down stairs with the knife, cut the lamp on the table, and then dread head first through the window, cutting a hole large enough to admit his body, and small in proportion. Yet he went through a single pane fourteen by twenty-four inches in size, without breaking the sash, and leaving the broken pieces of glass in the window frame. He then cut the screen of the wounds around the sash, and the first he knew after going to bed was to find himself lying in a pool of blood, in the yard.

THE TUBEROSE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Oh, flagons of odor soft,
Of rich and rare old amber wine!
Come rock us in my heart-ache's cave,
Fair vears on the earth anthne.
I've loved tuberose like you,
Have gathered red roses even,
Have plucked the pansies blue,
Flecked clover about my feet;
But they have no word for me,
No speech in their scented sprays,
Save only a dimming dream
Of long-dead, long-forgotten days.
But them, in my hushed hour,
Out-shimmered one pale moonlight,
And so the sweet hint of love
Seems linked with thy beauty white.
Then, tuberose, I love you,
That over and before,
This pleasure I have to keep,
The thought of the tuberose.

* * *

Have you ever known what it was to droop
At the breath of the tuberose?
To shrink from the sweet and warm perfume,
As you would from actionary thorns?
To feel your head throb, throb,
And shudder your wee lids down,
With an aching heart for the part it bore
In a funeral crape or pall?
To trace with to pale face on my cushion
The memories sacred and world cull,
And recite the beautiful ship where you
On the midnight gloom of a pall?
Oh, give me the rose, the rose,
The pink, the rose and clover bloom,
Great golden-hued lilies, and astors gay,
They call us to take of a boast.
Oh, dim sirens shadow! and in this Life,
Where the haunted chambers unclean,
And the very casket around our dead
May smack with a tuberose!

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN BOND," "THE SEALSKIN," "THE CLUB-FOOT GOAT," "DARK HERON'S KING," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE RUNAWAYS ANNIHILATED.

Seeming to the entrance of his boat dreadful, Hawley hastened a brief but earnest and impressive glance upon the ruffians by whom he was surrounded.

"Seeing is believing, you know," he said, as he turned his gaze again upon Bantam. "You are indeed well attended. I could shoot you, of course, before you could get your weapons to come to your aid, but I really was not led to anticipate so much an extremity. Have you any particular slogan for coming here?"

"Well, I have," answered Bantam, with a grin of ferocity that rendered him fearfully hideous.

"Have the goodness to name it."

"The law, I have written objects in coming here," explained Bantam, continuing to hold Hawley in his grasp, "and the name of my good boat from the mainland."

"Nothing is easier—if you can find it," answered Hawley quickly. "I cannot deny that you are possessed of the necessary force. You can, may the enemy, of course."

"I am glad to find you so reasonable," sneered Bantam. "The more duly entered, now to me, you will have fairly entered upon the work of the cruise which you have undertaken. Then, as the case may be, you will be ready to suffer in your own persons—you threaten—the death you have so deliberately caused us."

"Do you mean to kill us?"

"After you have suffered a suitable captivity at our hands," declared Bantam emphatically.

"Then, if these are your views, you will have your wish, I can promise you. We have fallen in to a place where there is little likelihood of its ever being taken from you."

"Oh, we shall recover it," interrupted Bantam complacently. "We can easily starve you into telling where it is hidden. Should we fail to starve you, we can do something else—a little wholesale torturing, for instance. When you find us cutting off your fingers by one, you will be willing enough to make a clean breast of the matter, I am thinking."

"That promise to be sent, I think, in your plan of operations, you can enter upon it at once."

The calm, firm attitude of Hawley was not without its effect upon several of the runaways, who had gathered at the entrance, and indeed the liberty of looking in the scene presented within the boat dwelling.

Several of the ruffians, in fact, were now one of those rapid converts, with the desire to escape of their lawlessness.

"Will it pass in peace," said another. "The only thing of consequence is the money."

"Silence, all of you!" commanded Bantam. "The money shall be ours again, of course, before we forego our revenge upon Hawley and Hawley? Did not Donald kill three of four of us, when we came upon him in the hut not Hawley cast an ironic shot toward us? Did not he cause us the wreck of the money, by refusing to let us leave a boat?"

"Well, what of all that?" retorted the fellow who had taken the lead in approaching the leader. "Didn't the sea killed by Donald take their chances with the money? Didn't Donald's right to defend his ship? Is there any more law who secured the money than who brought it? It was an open question, and we had a right to a determined resistance. It was not a purely personal matter and all. And as to Hawley, was it not a fair turn about for him to seize our boats and take himself off to this island?"

"But he might have returned one of the boats to us at the time when I drifted here on a raft of tar," affirmed Bantam hotly.

"Yes, he might," assented the malcontent fellow, "but he didn't, and there's no use talking on and you know it. Did you not think that you would have killed Hawley and all his friends for possession of a boat at your service, and so make it possible for you to reach him?"

"Hush, you fool—"

"But it won't hush, Bantam," said still another of the runaways. "The real object of our coming here is the secreting of the money and all other objects not actually made, if we can get them on and that immense fortune."

A murmur of applause which completely endorsed the boat dwelling told Bantam that this was the general sentiment of his followers.

"Very well," he growled. "So much for your coming here. You can continue to confer with the money, and allow those people to take themselves out of our clutches. But I like some of us to look after the money and as we wise, how this little programme is to be carried into execution?"

"That is a matter for me to dispose of," observed Hawley, with the same quiet voice and manner he had before used. "The money is hidden somewhere upon this island. If you think you can find it without our aid, or aid of us in any manner, you are welcome to do so. In the meantime, you are willing to give us our lives in exchange for the money, there will not be the least difficulty in carrying out the arrangement."

"This is very fair in theory, but impossible in practice," commented Bantam. "Will you tell us where the money is, so long as your lives are in our hands?"

"Not exactly," answered Will.

"Then, my hand, are we going to let you out of our hands until we know where the money is? We should be fools to do so. No, sir-ee-bob, that the arrangement suggested is decidedly impossible."

"I beg leave to think differently. Just offer us our lives in exchange for the money, and see if I do not open a way for a complete and final settlement of the whole business."

The increased murmurs with which this remark was received told Hawley that the greed of the runaways was ten times as marked as their desire for revenge. The cause of the latter was, indeed, now almost extinguished by the anxiety of the runaways—some of the new-comers—had not the least cause of complaint against either Donald or Hawley.

It was not our hero's policy, however, to come to an instant conclusion. He conjectured that the new-comers had brought a plenty of stores, including large supplies of intoxicating liquors, and he could see for himself that they were naturally quarrelsome and headstrong, and greed for the money was not enough. He comprehended that a few days of lawless abandonment to their passions and to ardent spirits could not possibly fail to breed dire discord, and might even arrive at open warfare on new summer.

There was, of course, to be sure, to make up your minds in a hurry," Will hastened to add. "My friends and I are your prisoners, and you can do with us what you please. The money is where you cannot get at it until daylight, and we must accordingly adjourn the whole subject until morning. As to our safe-keeping, you can leave us here, under guard."

"Thank you, my dear," said Will, in the most interrupted Bantam suspiciously. "You would be pressed to stay here, no doubt, with a view to receiving assistance from various friends and allies that have escaped our clutches."

"Friends and allies!" repeated Hawley. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. When I was here before, you had a madman with you—a shipwrecked sailor, in a long seal-skin robe. I was talking of this madman—"

"This is the man," interrupted Will, indicating Jude, who had dressed himself in a fantastic manner, and of course, since the return of his reason.

Bantam took a good look at Jude, as far as the dim light permitted.

"That the madman?" he queried. "I don't

HAWLEY AND HIS TWO FRIENDS CAPTURED BY THE RUNAWAYS.

believe you. He doesn't look an atom like the stiff old fraud I met here. In any case, I shall not leave you here. You'll be safer aboard of our sloop. That's the word, where—"

"Where is your sloop?"

It's moored off and on, within a mile, in charge of Kangaroo Jimmy. We have only two smaller boats, and it was necessary for us to run down here in the sloop, in order to visit you in force and promptly. Here, Hawley Dock—where are you?"

As this call, Dickory, released from the midst of his fellows. He was not quite so much ashamed as he was, and he was jaunty as ever, and his manner full of assurance.

"Take charge of these men, Dickory," added Bantam, indicating Hawley and his two companions. "Take every all means to prevent them with hoodwink."

"All right," said Dickory. "Shall I destroy this establishment?"

"Not unless I ask it to. We may find the money in the existing accessories or somewhere in this curious dwelling. I will signal the sloop, and we'll all go aboard and get her to the head of Christmas Harbor. We shall be more comfortable in our old cabin, than in these tents, than any where else."

The task of embarking was effected in the course of twenty minutes, and the sloop set sail for Christmas Harbor. Hawley and his friends were consigned to the hatchway. It was no new accommodation to the boy, that Dickory Dock should remain in charge of the sloop, with half a dozen of the runaways to assist him, and that the rest of the gang should go ashore, as soon as the sloop was anchored, and take possession of the dwelling which had been formerly occupied by Bantam. As to the prisoners, they were for Uncle Tommy's peace, and his gang came from Van Diemen's Land.

"It is, sir," replied Will. "But Kangaroo Jimmy and the runaways, who were left on the shores, with new tools, and encamped on the beach, will be sufficient to overpower the crew of the sloop."

"Do you know where their camp is?"

"Yes, sir. I was here months ago, when Fiery Bantam first took possession of it."

"Well, Will, to the companion, and I will start."

"Yes, but it might be worse," returned Dougal, with his usual philosophy. "These fellows will all soon be glad of a chance to lodge by the remarks I have heard them pass concerning the money. This is corn. I am sorry to have his bottle. This is corn. I am sorry to have his bottle. This is corn. I am sorry to have his bottle

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

edge of the main hatch. "It is in kegs, I suppose."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"The very logs spoken of by Creel," commented the Gunner. "He saw them go into the hold. There are just twenty of them ?"

"Aye, aye, sir; just twenty ! came up from below."

"Pass it up, then !" cried the Gunner, wiping his damp brow.

The order was obeyed. The yells of rejoicing which saluted the first keg were indescribable. It was a regular bullion keg, stoutly ironed, and made of the best of oak. Its contacts followed it in rapid succession, and the entire number of twenty kegs was soon ranged at the Gunner's feet.

"Now, my lads," he exclaimed, as he lifted one of the kegs, "this pays us for our trouble, and more than pays us. We've got fortune, sure enough—and the whole of it. We shall have a big pile apiece. Every man of us is now a rich man. Here, steward, we must have something to drink. Fetch out a rack of brandy, and knock in the head."

The steward obeyed this order with the excited alacrity appropriate to the occasion, and brandy was soon circulating as freely as water, while the cabin rang with shouts and yells of wild jubilance.

"A glorious day for us, lads!" cried the Gunner, tossing off a cup of the maddening liquid. "I'll open one of the kegs, and show you the shiners. The act, steward Loosen a couple of hoops there, and take out the head."

The task was soon accomplished, and the whole horde of pirates pressed forward eagerly, as the head of the keg was raised—but only to recoil with one vast murmur of disappointment and wondering confusion.

Nothing but sand met their view.

"What is this?" cried the Gunner, dashing his hand into the keg.

The hand came in contact with pieces of metal, he plastered to draw some of them forth.

They were pieces of lead.

Instantly reversing the keg, he poured out its contents upon the deck.

Only sand and lead were visible.

The murmur of the pirates deepened to a howl of savage rage.

Then, with his teeth hard together, the Gunner hastily opened a second keg and poured out its contents, but with the same result as before.

"We're duped," he then cried, hollowly, "duped and tricked out! That lying Spaniard has stilled with lead and sand! The money we thought has gone to New Orleans in another ship!

The blasphemies that followed were sickening.

A score of the pirates advanced upon the kegs, with axes and other instruments, and all of them were soon emptied. The contents were in every case the same. In every case, filled with bars of lead as closely as it could be packed, and the spaces between the bars had been filled up with sand.

"Curse the Spaniard, about it," exclaimed the Gunner savagely. "The money is not lost yet! His experience of the Gunner of the Vulture has made him cautious. If I had seen him with my own eyes open the deck of this ship, as he has left her what a fool I should be to believe that he had sailed, money and all, in some other vessel."

"May he not have done so?" asked the lieutenant.

No. He sailed in this ship, and he came was with him. He may have flung it overboard, to prevent us from getting it, but it is more probable that he has concealed it in some part of the ship that we have not yet examined. Back to the hold, all of you! Search every nook and corner. Break open every barrel and box. Tear open the bales of goods. Rip up the bulkheads. Search for that money. It can't be gone. It must have been flung overboard. Mr. Armar would not think of such a thing until the last minute, and then it would be too late."

The wild search was commenced again, and at once took upon itself all the aspects of a frenzied ransacking. Not a single article escaped the steward, whatever portion of the ship was assigned to him to search. Every nook and corner of the hold was examined, the cargo was overhauled so thoroughly that nearly every box and bale was broken open, and each was ransacked from one end to the other. Pieces were ripped up and thrown overboard. The very desperation of the pirates prevented anything like their usual efficiency being drawn from them.

Hours in this eager search was continued, in the unusual attic and exhaustion and rage and disappointment, but at last a general chorus of discouragement arose, and, throwing out the shirts as the majority of the pirates began to abandon the vain quest.

"You are right, lads," assented the Gunner, in a score of his following accustomed their countenances, and their belief in the impossibility of finding the money that they had sought. "It is useless to search any longer. The money is either sent his money to America by another ship, or he has hidden the gold aboard of the ship in such a way that you would have to put her upon the stocks, or take her to pieces, to find it. The money may have been thrown overboard under the impression that we should have to literally tear the ship to pieces to find it. If we had time, of course we might do something more, but that is impossible. Just notice. The ship is sinking."

A grave and terrible danger was indeed now pressing upon the pirates.

During all these hours of excitement the ship had been slowly but surely filling with water, and consequently every instant settling lower and lower into the sea.

And now she had at last become so waterlogged that every one of her staggering motions appeared to take her beneath the waves forever.

A score of voices were accordingly now proclaiming it startled and maddened cry, and that the ship was going down immediately.

"We must get out of this," cried the Gunner, as he emerged from the cook's galley, where he had desperately made the same search for him. "The ship is liable to sink at any moment. Get the boats over the side, and let every place below we are due to make sure that Armar will never by any possibility see a deck of the money he has locked so cleverly in here!"

A few of the pirates were desperate enough to receive this proposal with favor, notwithstanding the risk of tarrying long enough upon the doomed ship to carry it out.

But the fear of the wild vortex of these huge billows.

They at once set to work, while the great body of the pirates hurried aboard their schooner.

The long and exciting day was now drawing to a close, and the swift, dense darkness of a cloudy and stormy night was rapidly coming upon the face of the ocean. The rain still descended in a fine mist, the wind and sea boiled, but the coming night was already as gloomy as the grave.

"Lively, lads!" called the Gunner, as he made his way to the schooner. "The fire'll show us quickly, if the ship does not sink immediately."

Three or four fires were speedily kindled in various parts of the ship, including one in the cook's galley. Then all the pirates then flew over the side of the ship to their schooner, just as she was about to vanish in the wreck, and beginning to draw ahead of her.

"Good!" cried the Gunner exultingly. "If we cannot have the money, we can at least make certain that others will not have it. Crowd on all sail, lieutenant. We must get away from the ship soon, lest one of these plunges should take her under, and so with her. We'll stand away in pursuit of the fugitives, and give ourselves the pleasure of sending them to the bottom, if we can find them.

And thus the piratical schooner swung clear of the doomed Indiaman, abandoning her and everything aboard of her to speedy destruction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINNING A LOVER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Five dollars! Oh, Bridget, I wish I knew of any way by which I could earn five dollars."

Our scene was no silk-lined boudoir, no pictureque wooded ravine fringed with ferns and mosses, but a big, airy, home-like workroom, but only an underground city kitchen. Bridget, the cook, was sitting at work on a red woollen petticoat, for which she colored. And Minnie Akerly, a beautiful young girl of seventeen, sat perched on the afternoon table, swinging her pretty little slippered foot to and fro, while a stout Irishwoman, with a basket on her arm, stood opposite.

"Five dollars, miss!" exclaimed Bridget Mulcahey. "But sure that's a different thing altogether."

"We need money so badly," said Minnie soberly. "And now that papa is ill, and has lost his office, we have to live on papa's unexpended pensions for Madame Chenil last week, and that is little. And how to earn for a place as nursery governess, but no one would engage the services of a girl who knew so little, but every place is filled, and Mr. Rossmore says he can't help us, at least for every vacancy he hears of."

"The pity of it!" sighed sympathizing Bridget. "Miss, dear, I'll tell you, you've got work that she can do. For there's a justice man over in Brooklyn, that's a friend of mine, up, and it's myself will have to send him back."

"How can you have a justice man?" eagerly asked Minnie.

"Why, miss—"

"Twelve shillings—a dollar and a half," said Minnie meditatively, Bridget, would you like to send?"

"Yes, Miss Minnie."

"Do, Bridget, please do. I know I could. I did papa's last week, and he never knew they were not mine. He is such a regular lawyer, should so like to earn a little money all of my own. Do you think that you could send me to-day, as I have a dream, and—Oh! with a long sigh, I could do so much with five dollars, and I have it all planned out in my head. Well, I declare, here comes Dora, after Nellie, boy and girl, as usual."

"Perhaps, Agatha," said Dora, "you had better gather your things together, and go home. You know that we go in very fashionable style, and that Nellie and I have a fine time of it, and that the Akerly's are not in mourning one list of acquaintances, if the bankruptcy of your father has compromised them, are ever formally invited to Mrs. Dalton's and Nellie's party, do as I say. I see no reason that I quite prefer to remain away."

"Dora, I shall not go," said Nellie, and been at such a time as this. I am sorry that papa's fail is tried to rival her, with the Akerly's, but I am not going to desert them. Besides, I shall not be really pleased with the idea of the boots' party, Dora, dear, if I know that Agatha Akerly would soon come to visit at Mrs. Dalton's next season."

It was a very busy forenoon at Mrs. Dalton's, and the whole household was in a state of bustling excitement, for the morrow was to be the night of Nellie Dalton's party, and the long-looked-for day had arrived. Among our

HER LETTERS.

BY NATHAN C. CRESS.

At last I have burned them, one by one,
With the pent passion seemed eloquent,
With a strength to say and in its weakness knit,
Are now but ashes gray.

How often above them I pored and pored,
And kissed with fervor the words they con-
tained!
How often, when hunted from the world apart,
Their sweet words comforted my heart!
With cruel hands, I smother'd
Oh! false as fair! There was not a term
In the language of love she failed to use,
As if it were dipped in amberoid incense,
Her pen fell with rapture on fairy flourishes,
As the flowers are fed by the dew.

Those words were not to be utterly wreathed;
Their tenure? They scarcely could live,
Till flower, and censer, and cloth as dead
They grew, the subtle and frosty breath
That strips the blossoming wood.

A parent's tears had at last prevailed—
I could see in the change a sternner hand;
But when I read the cruel words, I smiled
That my heart was filled, now, but she could
not know.

How crushed I was—how unmanned.
And now, as her letters fade away
In quivering flame and wreathing smoke,
What would I not give, if in clarity from me
Could flicker and fade the tender
Of the cheating words they spoke!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

OLD GUMBO'S DISCOVERY.

Immediately after her arrival at Le Bocage, Hester had had a note from Mrs. Mayhew, telling her of the engagement of Miss Raymond; and at an early hour on the following morning that beautiful came over with her daughters, when they came to attend their school.

Mrs. De Lorme inquired minutely into all that had been done with reference to Zoline and her son, and in spite of Hester's artful evasions, she saw that there was a mystery there, a feeling of dark mystery in the young mind for which she vainly chided herself. When the recital was ended, she said:

"If the woman was guilty, she should have been arraigned for the theft, Hester. You know the post penalty she had incurred. I cannot understand your desire to screen a woman like that, Miss Blake, as so great a sacrifice to your-self. Why, she has not only robbed you, but implicated in the robbery an innocent girl. It is certainly something new in my experience, that a criminal is to be rewarded, in place of being punished."

Hester's face flushed, and her eyes darted out their dangerous fire, as she almost scornfully replied:

"I have given up all hope that you will understand anything about it, Mrs. De Lorme. Mayhew, according to her decision, and as far as I am concerned, I determined on as to assist me in carrying it into effect. I have explained to you all that is necessary, and I really like the idea we discuss this matter, that we let it will be for both of us."

"Really, Miss Landry, you assume a very high tone with me, considering our relations to each other," said Mrs. De Lorme, in a tone of surprise, that was not lost on the young girl, yet, and it is on the cards that you never may become such!" was the haughty reply.

Hester, believing herself secure in her position, and insolently and defiantly replied:

"Try to separate us, Madam, and see what the result will be. I am as sure of Roy as if the church had already pronounced its blessing upon our union. I have only to write a few lines to Lorme, and he will leave school at her immediate bare we will be married, in spite of all you can do, and you have to keep us quiet."

White with rage at this defiance, Mrs. De Lorme arose, and said:

"We shall see. The attempt at least shall be made to save my son from the influence with a girl who has so little sense of propriety as to run away from her home in the middle of the morning. Miss Landry, I will trouble you to leave the room, and to take with you my daughters, as I shall take them back with me to Oak Lodge."

Mrs. De Lorme haughtily rejected Hester's hypocritical apologies, and drove off with her two charming daughters, leaving the young lady in tears at the sudden rupture which had taken from over her a protection which she had come to consider as almost necessary.

To her and Miss Lyman, Hester made such explanations as she deemed best, none of which had occurred entirely on her late guard, and she awoke while lamenting the loss of Ray which had come home to find that his mother had quarrelled with his betrothed wife.

The days passed over Hester's head in so short waiting and dreaming, that she was in no mood to be perfect contentment in the absence of Ray, and the presence of Zoline in the continued existence of Lucy Hamilton, if she were only out of the way, the only impediment to a legal union with Ray would be removed.

As if to remove the last cloud from her horizon, a letter came from Mr. Muller, written, as she stated, on behalf of Mrs. Hamilton to that Hester was informed, that soon after the departure of Zoline from the city, Lucy had been attacked by brain-fever, and after a few days' illness had succumbed to it, in spite of every effort made to save her life. She went on to give such minute details of all that had been done for the patient, and to describe the funeral, that the reader had not a doubt of the truth of her statement.

Wrapped up in her own fancies, Hester had not noticed the absence of old Gumbo, who she had not given the customary habit of taking long walks, and she often went as far as the river-side cottage in which the old negro used had been principally passed.

Since Mrs. Blake's flight the place had been unoccupied, and the house had partially fallen to decay—the fields filled in the neighborhood of the cabin, and the yellow jessamine which had been trained to adorn the little gallery in front, had now wound its tendrils over the whole house, making a network of green and blooms, for the blossoms had come out already and made so long wreaths of brilliant and trumpet-shaped flowers over the desolation around.

Gumbo had a yearning desire to enter the cottage once more, but the fear of reptiles among the matted shrubbery prevented him from attempting it; but one evening when he had wandered further than usual, he saw a clear path had been cut through the weeds to the house. Curiosity overcame his fear, and he been dun, she summoned courage to move forward and unscrew the broken padlock from to the gallery. An opening had been made through the window, and the door was open, as if it had been accessed to have been carelessly torn from the hinges.

Hester gathered her shawl closely around with it, and made a step forward, when she was startled by the motion around of a rat-like, the moaning of which she understood too well.

She hastily recoiled, and looked again through the semi-twilight made by the thick green of vines, and she recoiled in front of the door an immense rattlesnake, with his head erect, and his eyes fixed on her face, as if making ready to strike.

She uttered a faint cry, and a gray-haired negro reached from the interior, seized the snake by the throat, and called out:

"Why dat dar? Can't go nowhars 'thout being followed! I's a mind to let de snake bite you, I has."

Hester instantly recognized the voice of old Gumbo, and she sprang over the rotten floor, and confronted him as she angrily asked:

"What are you doing here, and who gave you leave to take possession of this home?"

"Fore de Lor' of 'tain't Miss Estelle I'm exclaimed the negro in apparent dismay. "You needn't be frighted, Missy, honey, for de critter's got his pison fote drawed out. He couldn't do nothin' but scare you, if he tried ever so. I come here to find out what's de reason dat de trifflin' people don't let me be to me 'bout—bout—— Well, you won't hine sent at me," he added, in a tone of anger.

Hester carefully reflected, and she said:

"No—not if I can help it. If you have anything to say to a person for this trespass, speak at once, for I wish to get away from the vicinity of that horrid monster."

Gumbo cautiously patted the head of the reptile, coaxing it to coil itself up and turn around one of his lower limbs, without any apparent resistance on its part.

"Don't will him to sich ugly names, Missy, for he's my pet, an' he's monous sensible. When I wakes up still, an' sees a rattlesnake, silly—dat's his name—strikes his rattles of his answer's yes, for he likes a dead log of it ain't."

"If you have been trying some of your African magic, it seems. Pray, what questions do you wish to have answered by such an oracle as that?"

"De question what consarns you, Missy, was your father called it to me. Ise knows in a dream, an' I's sorry you come on me so, for 'tain't fair for a body to cast a spell on 'em. Obi man is wrarin'. I dunno what de message meant, and I cannot tell you. He said de same ting every time he come to me, an' de words was dese: 'Fore de Lor' of 'tain't de dove o' her nest. Go to Miss Lorme an' tell her to come to de cabin, an' I will tell her what. Now don't what I come here to have tarpolated to me, an' I hopes you won't be angry wid me, Miss Hester, for I'm sure I did what yar as ordered me to."

For a moment Hester was breathless with rage and apprehension. She had a strong vein of superstition in her, and she began to thought that although the captain had been dead and buried many years, he might have come over working and power to punish her for her ignorant old negro, were threatening her with the direst punishments that could be called upon her. Such a warning as that, sent to Mrs. De Lorme by her pretended dream, would feeling, would suffice, strangely as it came, to give force to such words as she would use, to ready have found entrance into her mother-in-law's mind, and to have filled her with the gloomiest forebodings. She was not a girl with any such stuff, and to prevent him from resorting to further incantations, and working herself, she commanded him to kill his snake before he departed.

The old negro had listened to her outburst in a sort of dumb amazement, and when he removed his eyes from her scintillating orbs to the reptile, he found that it had coiled itself around his leg.

"I has got de answer I axed for, an' I kin 'fort to chase you off, Missy, for you is so stupid, my how, an' I kin git a younger and wiser one to take your place."

What are you muttering there?" asked Hester fiercely. "Kill that reptile at once, and then follow me from this place."

"I has got to wait for de answer to my question, an' I kin 'fuse to obey you, for dem few words in his native language, and the instrument a slips it into the bosom of his shirt, his pocket, the blade opened with his teeth, with a single blow severed the head from the snake. He then followed Hester from the cottage, and locked the door.

"Yes, a better, dat's what you is, Missy Hester, for I has got de answer to my question, an' I kin 'fuse to obey you. I'll stay here till you when you was a little gal, a cavorin' round an' gettin' into mischief an' scrapes. But what's me pour young missis, an' what's me, an' her, which you is so hard on her own child? I know now what de dream meant, an' I'll not be de one to bring de ill on, even if I die for it. But some somber will be de one to bring de ill on, even if I die for it. But some somber will be de one to bring de ill on, even if I die for it. But some somber will

THE LOVER'S PICTURE.

BY LUCIAN A. UPHAM.

Within a bower of roses bright,
Herself the fairest rose,
Sweet Margaret sat, a-dreaming dreams,
As day drew near its close.

The sunshine in her sunshine curls
Played hide and seek, the while
Her fingers touched the ivory thrills
That parted in a smile.

But was not this her lover's heart
And this their trysting place?
And all Love's beautifying thoughts
Were mirrored in her face.

The gay birds carolled overhead,
"Your love is mine—is mine!"
Just as his well-known, ringing step
Came echoing from the vine.

He caught the glorious picture there,
And, ere she knew, had
Captured with this, how trifling account
The grandest work of art!

The sunset rays, in golden showers,
Fell round on every side,
As fervently his fair Margaret clasped,
His prize and promised bride.

THE RED MARK.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Is this Mr. Rushton's?"

It was a handsome young man who asked this question—a stylish gentleman, with plenty of light whiskers, and the latest style of tie and shirt-front. He had a portmanteau in his hand for bring, in that pretty country place where the richest people were not very fashionable, was not a servant, but a young lady—Mr. Rushton's only daughter herself.

"What a pretty little girl!" he thought.

Then, as she turned her head, he wondered for a moment whether somebody had just clapped her on the left cheek, there was such a vermilion mark there, and if so, why she had not washed it off.

But that could not be; there all Fanny Rushton's life, and she was her one grief, her perpetual cause and torment. She had grown morbid about it in those early days of womanhood, and would willingly have been flayed alive to be rid of it. But there were no connection and so acts of surgery that could remove it.

There the red stop must be as long as she breathed, its lateral scarlet attracting the first glance from every stranger.

"Mr. Rushton at home?" said Luke Robbins, with a bow.

"Yes," said Fanny.

Then she inherited Mr. Robbins into the parlor, and went away and in a few moments came back with her father.

It was a business call, though made not entirely in a business-like way. There had been some delay of a week, and the factory was closed when Mr. Robbins reached Mill Hollow; but those few days' absent would-be suitors were easily said, and the confidential clerk of the New York firm of Rink & Hawley knew that the manufacturer was a man of stated integrity. The business was easily completed, and then Luke Robbins rose to depart.

"But you're not out of your reckoning by this delay," said the old gentleman, "and the hotel is a long way off, and I should like you to have you stay over night with us. The wife always has one or two spare bedrooms, and supper will be ready in fifteen minutes. Let us have the pleasure of your company."

"Thanks," said Luke Robbins. "You are very kind, I will accept."

Then he thought of the pretty face with the red stop upon the cheek. Despite that stop, he wanted to see it again.

He opposite to him at supper time.

The best and kindest face in the world, he said to himself a dozen times. And he did not look for a little child to come to grief, who could not forget her tormenting mark when afterward, in the days of her womanhood, she discovered that she equal task. As it grew dark, and the crickets chirruped in the hedges, she grew nervous and merrier.

Mrs. Rushton had a call from some neighbor, and sat apart conversing.

Mr. Rushton, after many suitable attempts to rouse himself, went soundly asleep.

Through the open window Luke saw the girl's finely cut profile and delicately shaded white cheek, and spotted with the hateful mark. And he sat as close to her as he dared. And her coldness—she certainly shunned him and what she said was bright and fresh, and he fell in love, as men do, at first sight.

Men actually do fall in love for an hour! Women cannot do that. They pretend to be fascinated very often, but it is real or seeming with them for years.

Poor little Fanny grew more ardent heart that night in one whole hour. In it always best to keep a little piece of one can had moments that is impossible.

"Oh, what a beautiful night!" said Fanny, as she stood on the porch with her mother after the gentlemen had retired. "Such a fine breeze, and such a bright moon."

"It is a beautiful night," was the dreadfully tame reply, said the mother, and it's quite damp. We'd better retire. I wonder whether your pa will be ashamed with to-morrow's breakfast. He does ask visitors so unexpectedly!"

Married forty and single twenty take different views of life sometimes.

Fanny went to bed to dream of Paradise; and her mother went to bed to dream of a new wedding dress for the bride, and a visit to something that might often meet again.

"What a day that was!" thought young Robbins. "She's a darling little thing. And I suppose I'm a fool to think of her again. A young man might do worse than be his son-in-law." Then, as the car birled him away, he said to himself, "What a pity that mark is."

Nevertheless he went there. He went very often after that, and he was with Fanny a great deal of the time. Fanny's mother felt that though this suitor was not rich, he was steady and sober, and that Fanny's husband was a dismal vantage to have. Fanny's pa was an honest, kindly old man, who loved his daughter dearly.

Alone together the old people spoke of the possibilities.

"He certainly means something," said mamma.

"And they could always live with us," said pappy," he need never part with his money at all."

Our eyes grow used to everything after a while. Luke Robbins found that there was any mark on Fanny's face, unless something particularly called his attention to it. At Mill Hollow every one knew Miss Rushton, and no one looked at her more admiringly than Luke Robbins.

He loved her very much at times, though there were long hours in which he never even remembered her existence. I suppose none of us ever quite believe that the man we are fondest of work us into their bargaining and their business. Luke Robbins was a man of science and prospering. And he never thinks of you after dark, you are a happy woman. If he takes your money and with his dress coat and evening tie, consider yourself blessed.

Twice a week, at least, Luke Robbins brought Fanny to buy her a bouquet, or some music, and he spent two hours on a dusty railroad for the sake of seeing her.

He was a fine man, and in her very finger tips, he was it in her eyes, in her heart, in her voice. He was a man who is happy to being beloved. And it was not till Mr. Rushton's money that made him decide to offer himself to her, despite the red mark.

Yes, the next time he went to Mill Hollow he would ask Fanny to have him for better or for worse. And he knew that she would say "Yes" to him.

There are wild moments in every one's life—moments that change one's destiny for the worst. If only it had rained one morning—if only Fanny had fallen ill; if only she had not undertaken that trip to the city but when she did, this would be a different story.

She used to be shy of going into the crowded streets alone, and even when with her mother wore a thick veil, and felt misconfident who when any looked at her. But now she cared nothing for strangers' eyes. Somehow her love blunted her sad found her own life. But he not told her how sweet her eyes were? Had he not kissed her hand? Was she not sure he loved her—her most perfect of all living men? Let them stare. The prettiest girl living was not so happy.

She went alone down to the city. She made her little purchases with a light heart. And then, on returning, she saw what would over a strawberry short-cake, in a pretty restaurant, and she went in and sat down to wait. Luke himself coming to meet her!

Looks as if some one had slapped her in the face," said a gentleman at her side.

And he turned his head as he sat at a table, and saw her, and went to her at once.

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet you," said Fanny. "I expected a night to myself."

And I'll go with you," said Luke Robbins.

He saw people stare at her as they passed and looked at the side of the staring was as the small part of it at the pretty face and figure. He had it all to the mark, as she had all her life. It made him uncomfortable. But that his thoughts of her were what they were, he would have called it a trifling; but by Fanny's wife, as he already thought her in his heart, that was different. He grew very grave. He

was a terrible blemish. In those moonlight lovers' walks in the country, he had forgotten all about it, but in bright Broadway here it forced itself upon him! Every one stared at it. In the stage which they now boarded, but a little child opened its round eyes, and said, "Oh, mamma!" respectfully, and looked at the stage straight at the mark on Fanny's face. How well!

"Oh, how funny!"

He nurse slapped the small pain at once, and composed herself, but that did not avail matters.

And the ferry-liver was a crowd. Luke had passed Fanny in line, and stopped to pay the fare.

"Two," said he.

"The old lady?" asked the man.

"No," said Luke.

"Oh, that one with the red scar on her face," said the man, lowering his voice. "All right."

Confound you!" said Luke, in a rage.

But the man had meant no rudeness, nor had the boy heard him. Luke was excited, confused, agitated. He hardly knew what he said.

He paid the fare and returned him and spoke no word to her, nor she to him. He handed her into the cars. Then he pressed her hand.

"Good-bye, until we meet," he said, and stepped to the platform.

Fanny saw one of those white-bearded, red-cheeked old gentlemen who are always ready to help a lady in a car, and as he had certain dealings with her father to settle, he came to her in a way that is insulting to every true woman. He made room for her, and put her valise and bonnet, having nothing whatever to do with the mark, and began pleasant conversations.

"Ah, how do do?" said this old gentleman, grasping Luke's hand. "Glad to see you, my boy. Going the same way, I see. Fine evening."

"Yes," said Luke.

"Why, you two!" said the old gentleman, "we are sister and mother, and you look like themselves, for the most part. Pretty figure that young girl has. Interesting face, too, in spite of—"

A man wouldn't like that—eh, Luke?" he said. "Still, it's a pity, isn't it, sir? Something ratiated at his elbow.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Rushton," said a cold little voice. Fanny stood there, so pale that the mark looked more vivid than ever. Then she turned around.

But he went back to the car with her, and would show it to her, and make her ashamed of only she kept it from him somehow.

"Luke, you're ashamed of me," she would like it." She had heard the speech that caused his answer, and I leave you to guess at the remembering how she loved him, what her feelings were.

"I'm sorry sisters and mother," he said, and heard him—confound him?

And as he looked after the flying car, two tears came into his eyes. They trickled down his cheeks like wheels; he wiped them away. Something rattled at his elbow.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Rushton," said a cold little voice. Fanny stood there, so pale that the mark looked more vivid than ever. Then she turned around.

"Fanny darling!" he said to himself—"Fanny my own, my own!" But he did not go to her in his disdain, and you shall know it before the story is finished. He stood there, and his ride is from the world's cold eyes on my behalf, darling, and I love you all the more for it." And but for she place in which he stood, he would have kissed the red mark in the caution.

He took the next train to Mill Hollow. He had left his valise and his umbrella in the waiting-room.

Asked for Miss Fanny.

"She is not at home, sir," said the servant. "They are so frightened about her—master and mistress—but I can't tell you if she's all right."

Luke's heart stood still. A presentiment of evil filled his mind. He had seen Fanny into the car, and she had gone on a dusty railroad for the sake of seeing her.

"Is she ill?" he said, as the servant girl stopped at last.

"She stepped out on the platform suddenly. Either she was bewildered, or she did it on purpose. We were going full speed. She had a little friend and a baby, and there's a red mark on her face. They'll know her by that."

That was the conductor's story. That was the end of Luke and Fanny's fairy love-dream at last.

Did she step out on purpose, or was she "bewildered?" God only knows—as living being. Luke tried to believe that what she had heard him say had had nothing to do with it. But it was too late now to tell her what he felt—too late to hide her sweet face on his heart. He could only stoop over her as she lay in her coffin, and press the last kiss his lips ever uttered to any woman upon the cold cheek that, even in the death hour, bore still upon it that fatal red mark.

Woman's Devotion.

There is nothing in the world like the beautiful devotion of a woman to the sick. She feels no toil, nor pain, nor timid terrors. If she have grief she hides it, lest it add to her patient's weight to the afflictions of her charge. Her cunning fingers are busy about a strawberry short-cake, in a pretty restaurant, and she went in and sat down to wait. Luke himself coming to meet her!

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Luke's heart stood still. A presentiment of evil filled his mind. He had seen Fanny into the car, and she had gone on a dusty railroad for her father's door. So, in the suffering days that followed, the servants and neighbors told the story of Fanny's death.

"She stepped out on the platform suddenly. Either she was bewildered, or she did it on purpose. We were going full speed. She had a little friend and a baby, and there's a red mark on her face. They'll know her by that."

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Did she step out on purpose, or was she "bewildered?" God only knows—as living being. Luke tried to believe that what she had heard him say had had nothing to do with it. But it was too late now to tell her what he

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BUCKSKIN (Salt Lake City) says: "I have been somewhat remiss of your valuable paper for the last few months, but I will endeavor to do better in the future. My name is ——. Say, dear, I would speak a young lady with whom I have been going for some time, and I am very much in love with her, and I think she reciprocates my love, but I call for her at half-past seven. I got to her house at twenty minutes past six, and I have to wait for her. Now, I think that is very impolite, and I have called for her at the time specified, and that she had gone, but left word for me to wait. Now, I should think they must be a premium with the intention of going home with her. When you call for a young lady, you call for her, and not for her to come and see you for a half hour. I have advice. She looked me as the arm, and beckoned me to follow her. I did so, and she led me into a room as near me could, and then have another for altogether, as I intend to do in the future. Now please tell me what you think of it, and oblige a constant reader." We have been in the same fix. The young lady may have had necessary and unavoidable duties to perform, and you should not be impolite enough to complain. Instead of sending her leaving the message, and knowing your you would be detained, you should have called at the time appointed, and not have waited for her to appear in your from this time. I love him as dearly as ever. Would I be justified in writing to him? Yes, you would. Would I be justified in asking him to meet me? Yes, you would. Would I be justified in asking him to marry me? Yes, you would. Would I be justified in asking him to run away with me? No, you would not. Would I be justified in asking him to run away with me? No, you would not. Would I be justified in asking him to run away with me? No, you would not